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CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE

VOLUME 22

No. 1 — FALL — 1958

Published by

THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

Toronto, Ontario

Canada

THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

What It Is

The Canadian Authors Association is the senior organization for Canadian "authors, writers, artists, musical composers, dramatists, scenario writers, radio script writers, or any other creators of copyrightable material." It was formed in 1921 at a national convention held in Montreal and is incorporated under a Federal charter. It corresponds to the "Authors' League of America" in the U.S.A. and the "Incorporated Society of Authors, Playwrights and Composers" in Great Britain. Among its founders and charter members were Stephen Leacock, Murray Gibbon, B. K. Sandwell, Pelham Edgar, W. D. Lighthall, Sir Robert Falconer, Lawrence Burpee, Mazo de la Roche, and Vincent Massey.

What It Does

For nearly forty years now it has worked for just copyright and income tax laws and has given its members contract and marketing advice. It has maintained two quarterlies, the *Canadian Author and Bookman* (founded in 1921, with B. K. Sandwell, F.R.S.C., as editor) and the *Canadian Poetry Magazine* (founded 1936, with E. J. Pratt F.R.S.C., as editor). It also inaugurated in 1936 annual medal awards bearing the name of the Governor-General of Canada, our honoured Patron. An autonomous Board, appointed by the C.A.A., administers these awards, which are paid for by the Association. An annual convention gives an opportunity to foregather with authors at the national level and discuss problems of writing and publication.

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Membership is of two categories: regular and associate. Branches for local activities (often taking the form of craft groups or of monthly meetings with book-talks) are to be found in St. John's, Halifax, Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, London, Windsor, Winnipeg, Edmonton, Calgary, Vancouver, and Victoria.

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THE CANADIAN AUTHORS ASSOCIATION

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Patrons of poetry are reminded that we pay for all poems printed, and are grateful for donations to defray the expense of this policy.

Manuscripts should be mailed to The Editor, V. B. Rhodenizer, Wolfville, Nova Scotia. *Printed by Quality Press Limited, Montreal.*

FOUNDATION SUPPORTERS

It is, perhaps, unnecessary to state that a magazine such as this is not a profit making venture. It is published by The Canadian Authors Association for the encouragement of poetry in Canada and its continued appearance is only made possible by the generosity of its Foundation Supporters.

Contributions are needed and would be very welcome.

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The contents of this Quarterly are indexed in the Canadian Index, published by the Canadian Library Association.

CANADIAN
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MAGAZINE

Fall 1958

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Committee:
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Wolfville, Nova Scotia
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EDITORIAL

There are two simple or pure types of lyric, according to whether the primary purpose of the poet is to express emotion or thought, the emotional and the reflective. In the emotional lyric the recording of the stimulus may be essential to the successful communication of the emotion, frequently so when the stimulus is contact with external nature. The recording of the stimulus may take the form of pictorial description or atmospheric description or both. Whether or not such recording is necessary, the emotional lyric depends for its effectiveness on the skill of the poet in communicating his emotion to the reader by vivid imagery in appropriate form.

SNOW GEESE

Unbelievably beautiful
On the river
Are flocks of snow geese
Descending in a cloud,
Descending in a great white cloud
From the North.

Now tires grate to a hurried stop.
Beside the stream
Excited passengers
Spill forth with cameras set.
One happy man shares telescope
With eager friends.

Scrambling down cliff, three reckless youth
Let fly one shot
Startling the quiet geese.
But see! they're out of range.
Disgusted watchers cry: "So cruel!"
"No! How could he?"

Swiftly, the wary birds take warning.
Mere puffs of smoke,
Slender crystal-white, up-river
They drift in myriad formation.
Is some message wafted to us
From the heavens?

Anna C. Hayward,
Grand Falls, Nfld.

LINES IN COMPARISON

Like the soothing swish of the ocean's surf,
As it swirls and breaks on the sand,
Is the restling sound on the autumn turf,
As dead leaves dance hand in hand.
Like the flapping sails on the river's crest,
Are echoing wings in the trees.
But the pulse of love in a maiden's breast
Takes its beat from none of these.

Jean J. Hart,
Halifax, N.S.

TRIBUTE TO DEREK

He brought the first shy violet and handed it to me.
Important was this offering of childhood innocency.
He brought the first bright buttercup, found by the meadow side;
He offered it in humbleness — while Mommie glowed with pride!

The daisy ne'er escaped his glance, the yellow dandelion.
Those treasured gifts from grubby hands to me were jewels divine.
From pussywillows in the spring to colored leaves in fall,
This little child of nature both saw and loved them all.

But one day came an Angel down and took my boy away,
I'm sure in God's great garden, he picks bouquets today.
And so upon a little grave I place where all can see
A bouquet of sweet violets, like those he picked for me.

Thelma M. Jodrey,
New Germany, N.S.

WITH CONSCIOUS CARE

With conscious care his moral brain distilled
Clear virtue's wine from gross experiment
Nor dreamed until the vat was filled
His *alter ego* throve on sediment.

Fred Cogswell,
Fredericton, N.B.

HIS BELOVED

Such simple things are her delight:
A plant that blooms in deep midwinter
On her kitchen window sill;
A new kind of polish that leaves her furniture
Shining like still water in dark places
On a summer's day;
Crimson curtains that lend a gypsy richness
To a quiet room; tropical fish
Moving in peaceful rhythm among green branches
In a bowl round as the earth.
She never travels save in bright imagination;
A cup of hot tea late at night
With Mozart in the background
And firelight in her face;
Children's soft lips against her cheek,
Their quick laughter in her ears;
And his love keeping her at springtime
Though winter touches raven hair with white.
He is content since what she values
He can give her and enjoy the giving.
Diamonds are brilliant, emeralds lovely,
And both enhance a woman; his beloved
Wears the lovely brilliance of his love
And needs no other ornaments.

Bluebell Stewart Phillips,
Dorval, Quebec

SCILLA

A little blue flower, sparkling with rain,
I saw at a garden gate,
Among trees and shrubbery, - vaunting, vain;
The little blue flower's fate
Was to give me joy and awaken delight,
A speck of color, aglow with light.

A bit of sky on the stalwart earth,
Peeping out modestly,
It seems but a moment of time since birth,
To its end of day,
But it's given me rapture, and comfort, - true,
Azure sky visitant, - blossom blue.

Myrtle Boa Armstrong,
Montreal.

ATLANTIC SEASCAPE

Tossing their frenzied manes, and galloping
Like Phaethon's horses charging, cross the heavens,
The waves are snow-white horses racing steeplechase;
And skilfully they take each hurdle in its turn
Until the last, a granite shore precipitous:
There all fall baffled back. One gallant steed alone,
More daring than the rest, leaps at the barrier stern,
Surmounts its crest and disappears behind its crags.
A phantom rider doffs his plume-topped casque
And beckons, "Follow, follow. Only the craven
Turn and let the gauntlet lie."

Edith Mitchell,
Montreal.

PEBBLES ON THE BEACH

The ebb goes snarling down the beach,
The pebbly beach,
And the tide flows in with its giant reach
It topples the stones in its mighty stride,
And threatens to take them away with the tide,
Away and away where the mermaids sleep,
To play, to play in the drowned deep!
But the pebbles love to roll in the sun,
Warm in the sun,
On the salt wet shore, with millions more
Pebbles like them at the ocean's door:
"For we love the beach and the warm, wet shore,
And we fear great Ocean's unknown floor!
Go 'way, go 'way with your giant reach;
We just want to be pebbles on the beach!"

Christine L. Henderson,
Montreal.

BEAUTY

The window near, I now can see
The Winter's bare-branched elm tree.
With Midas' touch, I now behold
It suddenly has turned to gold:
For sunset throws on all its glow
And fervently, like words, does show
That "Beauty is Truth" (poets say),
And "Truth is Beauty" (seen today).
Night falls upon the golden tree,
But Truth shines bright eternally.

Lucy Lee Pomeroy,
Montreal.

THE POET

The poet, sad from contemplating ills,
Watched dawn pour light upon the distant hills,
And vowed no more to view the world with pain,
While ribbon rainbows threaded through the rain.
He walked along and found a spreading tree,
A pleasant spot under which to be,
And when he saw a maiden sitting there,
He plucked a flower and tucked it in her hair.
With children whom he met he laughed and played,
Bade them be kind to all that God had made.
He whistled clear, he sang his sweetest song,
He lived a poem that lasted all day long.

Ruby Friedman,
Montreal.

THE AGNOSTIC'S PLIGHT

I, who have no lesser God than those
Who ever walk in proper rite and hymn,
Have found the way I chose
Lonely, drear, and dim.
And yet, I could not change my place
With any of them without a trace
Of fear that my actions were
Those of a coward and a hypocrite.
I, too, can face the sun
And say, "Thy will be done,"
And feel sure there is no lack of heed
Nor of consideration of my need.
There is a God. I know this so,
But doctrine, cant, and creed I do not know.

Gary Stevenson,
Bobcaygeon, Ont.

EPITAPH FOR JOHN

Watcher at the window, destined
While his brothers ran on, to stay behind,
Now, heritage of his from birth,
All his pain is in the earth.
Born I was, fair of face,
Monday's child and full of grace,
With talents more than I shall need
John was born from a crooked seed,
Yet all of Monday's gifts will not instil
In me his hunch-backed miracle of will!

"Joan Finnigan",
Kingston, Ont.

SUMMER SONG

Trees gripping the earth,
Green in the summer dawn,
Shrugged off their nocturnal tears
In the first capful of breeze
And, stretching limbs, waited.
The sun crept over the moss-stained wall,
And spattered exploratory patches of light on the courtyard.
The wind's drift,
Finding passage to your room,
Made tentative murmers beside you . . .
. . . To fledgling air and brilliance you awoke.

Jerrold Heath,
Kingston, Ont.

GENTLE HEART

Be still, oh gentle heart. You've richly won
A golden crown with stars for work well done.
With inborn faith and quiet dignity
You stood for truth with staunch integrity.
Dearly beloved, we pray for your release
From pain-wracked walls that long for rest and peace,
Be still, oh gentle heart, that we may see.
Our Mother's face in sweet tranquility.

Mrs. Hazel Cowan,
Orono, Ont.

GALATEA

It is only a summer cotton
That you christened "Sunset Dress".
Impregnated with life
And vibrant lingering kiss
Of Sol's goodnight,
The twilight-skylight grey
And simulated racks
Of cloud shading
From palest pink
To singing rose
Take on enchantment.
When clinging folds
Are smoothed
And fastened
Into place,
A tingling sense
Of warm embrace,
Exultant laughter
Of your love,
Are all about me.

Theresa E. Thomson,
Ottawa, Ont.

DAY HAS BEGUN

A woodpecker,
in his ivory tower,
thumps his typewriter
monotonously
with one finger;
cricketers
in the school grounds
clump the ball
with the regularity
of a woodcutter
chopping a tree;
garbage collectors
dump their cans in the truck
to the screaming of brakes.
The school bell rings;
a catbird
in the lilac tree
sings like a tenor
in an opera;
an oriole
adds to the minstrelsy
and other birds
join in the chorus
while a robin
trills the refrain,
"will it rain?"
will it rain?"
Boys and girls
race down the street
shouting and laughing,
having fun,
Day has begun!

Arthur S. Bourinot,
Ottawa, Ont.

THE BLUEBIRD

Lovely bird, yours is the palace
Of the sky,
In its blue chalice
You may fly,
Your wings a part
Of its throbbing azure heart.
Lovely bird, yours is the crescent
Of the sun,
So incandescent;
You have won
Its setting hue,
Splash of purple on the blue.
Lovely bird, yours is the bosom
Of the earth,
Near its spring blossom
You have birth,
Your song to be,
Dreams of future poesy.

Dorothy Cameron Smith,
Stoney Creek, Ont.

ATOM BOMB

The smoky mushroom pillars high,
And floats suspended in the sky,
A growing roar vibrates the air,
And echoes cross the fire's glare.

Unleashed the mighty atom power
Tumbles wall and bridge and tower,
Jars the earth and sears the eye,
And tiny humans wonder why.

Philip Cait,
Toronto.

WINTER NIGHT

In the silence of this winter night
when no wind stirs,
when light from ageless stars
glistens on the snow,
suddenly I find the universe—
its vast eternal plan
revealed in moonlit harmony
of earth and sky,
of tree and star,
of God and man.

Margaret Harvey Wilton,
Toronto.

INCANTATION

Escape to sleep, let slumber charm away
the vexing irritations of the day.
Now let the yearning, weary spirit keep
Her tryst with sleep.

Ye broken-hearted, need ye long to die?
fold inwards, and escape to sleep, as I
forget, in the deep shelter of dark wings,
all earthly things.

All-hallowed haven, where the wounded soul
hides, and by ghostly comfort is made whole!
From the cliff-edge of consciousness now leap;
escape to sleep!

Ray Doward,
Toronto.

AWAKENING

I woke to the belling of an early morn
To see Saint Peter's stab the sky
And call the sinner to confession.
Deep, God-lunged, sounding out
Over Thames and over night,
Over Royal palace roof
To float through the fog of unbelief
And pierce my darkened heart with light.

I woke to the belling of an early morn
As rounded chime and beaten hour
Throbbed and told the rise of light.
Deep, God-lunged, lingering on,
Echoing round the river's wind
To pass the hours of human sight,
And rising, resonant and white
To lift a darkness from my blinded mind.

James Cass,
Toronto, Ont.

ATOMIC FALLOUT

Blanketed by death
A mutating smog to evolve;
Nations are trembling
This problem to solve.

Imbeciles, freaks, idiots,
Creatures without psyche;
Is this man's answer,
Is this man's fate?

Lost is God's image,
Creation is torn.
No longer sons of God
Are men to be born?

Why wait for catastrophe,
Why meddle too late?
Forsake this desolation,
Re-order man's fate.

William G. Jones,
Toronto, Ont.

THE SABBATH FOR MAN

The Holy Sabbath, the Sabbath, Sunday,
A week-end at the cottage,
Thus we progress from the Wrath of Yahweh
To "Someone up there loves me
But always spares the rod."
Our birthright sold for a mess of pottage,
Through massive cerebration
We achieve the deity we deserve —
A nonentity.

Stone, club, spear, sword, grenade and shell,
The hydrogen bomb,
Thus, we progress from the Will of God
To the wrath of man and nation.
Annihilation is the balm
Of hurt minds. Someday, men
Seeking a Holy Sabbath
Will find it necessary again
To invent God.

Fred Swayze,
Toronto, Ont.

THRENODY

You stand unfleshed
As in a darkling dream,
Your delicate bones
A filigree of bleak beauty
On the desolate skies,
Less lovely now
But no less loved, O tree,
Less magical in these eyes
Than when half-shyly
In the gentle airs of spring,
You sunned your silken flesh
Of lucent green;
And I exult remembering
How exquisitely you wore
Your sun-lit sheen
The bird-loud summer long,
How fair you were
And live with movement then
And glad with song.

But when I think of autumn's amber days,
Birds southward bound,
Pale mornings lost in mist,
And tranquil sunflower afternoons,
Twilights of glimmering amethyst
And bittersweet first odours of decay,
I hear again the wind's low sorrowing cry
And see once more your tremulous leaves,
A haze of golden hands
Forever waving me goodbye.

H. Patricia Collacott,
Toronto, Ont.

AN OLD MAN AT THE POINT OF DEATH

Sitting sifting through his thoughts,
Raising life's web-mouldered dreams,
Like half remembered flickering shadows,
Time encrusted by imagination.
Eyes closed, he gropes in waking sleep,
Seeing with the mind's retina,
Not seeking part in that which passes.

His golden glories fading to a flickering luminosity,
Come out of gloom, and thence return,
Breaking buoyant atop the waves of thought,
Having but a brief millionth of time,
And sinking, plunge stonelike to oblivion's trough,
Drawn noiselessly to Styx-like darkness.

Vividly, quickly, ghostly quiet in their passing,
Driftwood from life's fruitless shore, memories
With their passing . . . he is no more!

Kenneth Martin,
Welland, Ont.

BUTTERFLY

Little painted butterfly,
floating easily
through the limpid air,
now alighting on a tree
where a sprig of greenery
dangles down, and there,
waving great wings lazily,
bright as fairies' hair.

J. A. S. Evans,
Waterloo, Ont.

ONTARIO PASTURE

This land is softly colored now;
The mild September sun lies gently over
Dull green of cedar clumps, and lichened rocks,
Dry grass and faded clover.
Earth hums with cricket songs, a lowly sound
That mellows silence through this lonely space,
And where a pale birch shades a level ledge
I find a resting place.

I sit and dream, a wordless kind of dreaming,
Entranced by peace, and passively aware
Of dry earth scent and sun and muted sounds
That thread the drowsy air. . . .
And if Death came and said, "Lie here, my child,"
I would not care.

Freda Newton Bunner,
Wiarton, Ontario.

TOLERANCE

If in your hearts you can find no place
  For your neighbour who is strange of face,
Whose skin is of a different hue,
  Who speaks a language not for you;
How then can you expect to find
  A welcome wide when you meet the mind
Of your Creator who is strange of tongue?
  To His hue unknown, you've your praises sung!

Winnifred M. Westlake,
Windsor, Ont.

HOUR OF DESTINY

The hour has come — that fateful hour!
Too soon it will have passed.
And then — what then?
Ah, only Time can tell.

Till now, you might have said the word
That magic word of Love,
And then — what then?
Dear Heart, God only knows!

Henceforth, our Lives go separate ways,
Our Lives — but not our Hearts!
And then — what then?
That tale the years must tell.

by L. V. Belvadere Arnett,
Winnipeg, Man.

WEDDING SONG

For the rest of my life I will love you.
For the rest of my life I will care,
For now, after nights filled with longing,
I've found a heart I can share.

I will build all my love-dreams around you
As a shield against sorrow and strife.
Though the years fade away
I will cherish this day
And your love for the rest of my life.

Gerald N. White,
Winnipeg, Man.

RE-DIRECTED

The river dam repulsed the surging urge
Of swiftly flowing currents and compelled them
To a violent re-direction.
Pivoting on their momentum,
Curbed and writhing, turning, churning in their agony,
They cleaved another river-bed
And with each forward effort,
They entrenched more deeply,
With a force unquellable, the virgin sod.
Refreshing with resourceful penetration
Wide expanses of strange valleys,
They have caused the fertile soil to yield
A hundred-fold!

Alice Vandale DeRoo,
Regina, Sask.

BIRTH OF A POEM

Tenuous, insinuating, unsought,
Into the mind creep slender threads,
Too vague for thought,
Until one clings and spreads,
Clamoring throughout one's being,
Coruscating with an inner fire,
Setting aflame the soul's desire
To write some immortal paean.
Unworthy the hand that wields the pen.
The thought, so frail, is gone again,
To die, unseen.

Grace A. Wright,
Canmore, Alta.

A SONG FROM ONE LEFT BEHIND

Scratches across the sky,
Precise in even rows,
Then drifting, fading, dissolving.

I dream beside the quiet stream
Watching the withered leaves float by,
Curled, catching the air like sails,
The willow leaves, slow fish of gold
Drowsing beneath the surface.

A bird darts up from the reedy shore —
My kin, more than the monstrous jets
That carve the sky.

John Margeson,
born at Trail, B.C.

GIRAFFES

Giraffes are coyly shy and cautious,
Their attitude is: "No, By Gòshious!"

With yards of neck they can't do vocals,
They're Nature's muted wildlife yokels.

They taste their food from throat to duodenum.
I know it's so because I've watched and seen 'em.

— — — — —

Moral: If you've enough neck you'll rise in the world too.

by Edith M. Rive,
Victoria, B.C.

WIND-SWEPT PINE

High on the cliff the pine tree clings
To the solid rock. Who knows
How many years it has anchored there,
Taking and taking the blows
Of gale and lightning and driving sleet,
Singly or all together,
Twisted and bent, storm-ridden and spent,
But standing, whatever the weather?
The pines in the valley a mile below
Grow tall at the river's brink,
But when I am burdened and wearied out
I look up at my pine, and think.

Marion Burling,
San Diego, Calif.

I AM THE MOST AMAZED BY MIRTH

I am the most amazed by mirth;
That laughter should unseat a universe
Unmoved by all our wails and moans;
That gods and circumstance should pause,
Tremble, and in fear withdraw
And hold our gaiety in such awe
When we, with atavistic urge,
Pull back our lips
And sound unknown to any other throat
Spills forth to lash a stellar sombreness.

Philip B. Cosgrove,
Hollywood, Calif.

PINE GROVE

This grove where I had gone from childhood days
Was blackened in an hour by the fire,
Destroying with its flames the secret ways
Once known to me, a holocaust entire.
The scent of piney needles would remain
Insistently with me all winter long,
Until I walked along brown paths again
Beneath broad branches loud with avian song.
Within this labyrinthine place I found
A leafy shelter where I could repair
When worldly problems pressed too close around,
And always I would gain fresh courage there.
This grove was burned, but I shall never cease
To keep a memory of woodland peace.

Louise Darcy,
Biddeford, Me

NO ESCAPE

If I were a chipmunk
And you a star
I could not scramble
Half so far:
If I were a squirrel
And you a bee
You'd always buzz
Ahead one tree:
But as we've heads
To rule our feet
If must occur —
You'll see — we'll meet.

Harriet L. Delafield,
Ray Brook, N.Y.

WOODLAND WALK

Alone and discontent, my spirit turned
To seek a healing chalice; my sould yearned
Toward communion and the sanctity
That worship only could confer on me.
An Easter morning walk resolved these things:
The woodland was my altar; iridescent wings
Of birds flashed near. A cloud of swirled
Petals emitted incense on the world
As April's lustral light emblazoned day.
Along cathedral paths beside the Bay
The wind sang orisons in benediction.
My heart, entombed by stones of sharp restriction,
Now broke its every seal, burst from the shroud,
And, wreathed in nature's nimbus, rose unbowed.

Mary Word Elliott,
Birmingham, Ala.

AT LADY BEAVER LAKE

And here the air is clear, sharp with the smell
Of balsams, and the clean gray rocks come up
Out of the waters of that sterile cup
Which is the lake. Suspended in a shell
Of fibreglass I streaked across the scene,
A smudge of outboard smoke immensely lost
In immaculate air; when I had crossed
The lake, it was as if I had not been.
For unimaginable centuries
This sun-blue water and this wind-gray stone,
Ringed by the green renewal of these trees,
Had built its ancient peace for me alone,
Until I saw nearby with sudden shock,
An empty bottle shattered on a rock.

Richard Curry Esler,
Tarentum, Pa.

A PIECE OF WHITE PAPER

I think I am a piece of white paper,
Across which my mother once wrote and wrote,
Telling me how to behave and what to be.

I think that I am this piece of paper
In the typewriter I see, my mother
The keyboard against which my fingers strike.

And what my mother said was right, is there;
And what my mother said was wrong, is there;
Put down on white paper in me somewhere.

M. J. Ableway,
Cambridge, Eng.

CORNER STONES

Corner stones, our crises mark the turning.
They swing the tangent to an unguessed end.
Blind in the bearing of their time, the trend
Changes its course before perceptions mend.

Following the straight again we do not see
Direction angled from the one before.
We take our present's way and know the score
As note succeeding note and little more.

Only when we reach the opposite corner
That shapes frustration splendidly reversed,
Looking across we see delight rehearsed
In its inversion of denial first.

"J. Phoenice",
Berwick on Tweed, Eng.

IN BRIEF REVIEW

The Call of Life (1957), by Helen T. D. Robinson, Bruce Humphries, Boston, 60 pp., $2.75. This book supplements *Candle and Cup* (1941) and *Sky Ways* (1943) by 78 poems, inspirational verse that makes philosophy sing.

The Golden Falcon (1958), by Wyche Reiter Hart. New York, Vantage Press, Inc. These poems are mainly brief inspirational lyrics on the contributions of beauty and love to the enjoyment of life devoted to the cause of right.

Forrest Anderson's fourth book, *In the Forests of Hell and of Heaven* (1958), is published by Gilbert and De Lue, San Francisco, California, at $5.00 a copy.

Summer Unbound and Other Poems (1958), by E. L. Mayo. Canadian publication, Toronto, Thomas Allen Ltd., 63 pp., $2.50. This book appeals to Canadians in that it is "for Douglas Bush", an outstanding Canadian critic, who became professor of English at Harvard University. Earlier poetry by Mayo includes *The Diver* (1947) and *The Center is Everywhere* (1955). The poems in the new book are arranged in five groups, — places, letters and encounters, myths and enactments, modes, and considerations. They have special appeal to readers interested in "contrived obscurity" and departures from standard practice in printing.

Poetry from Pageant Press, Inc., New York: *Winds of Tomorrow* (1958), by Blanche K. Freeman, 83 pp., $2.50; *Singing Winds* (1958), by Olive Hering Nelson, 68 pp., $2.00. Miss Freeman, a native of Indiana educated at the state university and at Stanford University, turned to poetry after a richly varied teaching career of 49 years, and had her first poem published at the age of 91. Her remarkable understanding of the phases of life from infancy to the nineties is revealed in delightful poems arranged under six headings: welcome stranger, growing pains, rainbow years, this work-a-day-world, coffee break, and tomor-

row. Throughout, form is skilfully adapted to content. Mrs. Nelson, a native of Kansas and resident of Little Rock, Arkansas, was educated at Kansas State College and had a varied career as teacher, lecturer, feature writer, columnist, and editor. She won more than two dozen poetry awards before publishing her first book of poetry. In poems in which form and content are pleasingly harmonized she interprets with originality and tenderness the lives of the "little people."

Sea Mist and Balsam (1958), by Rosemary (Clifford) Trott. Mill Valley, Calif., Wings Press (Box 332), 50 pp., $2.50. Mrs. Trott, daughter of a poet, Mrs. Beatrice Wright Clifford, specializes in vignettes of life on a "salt water" farm in Maine throughout the year, particularly during the Christmas season. She skilfully reflects local color, even to the extent of riming "corn" and "gone."

James L. Weil won the 1958 American Weave Chapbook Award with *Quarrel with the Rose and Other Poems.*

The table of contents of the March, 1958, issue of *Prism,* the official monthly organ of the Poetry Society of Australia, shows an improved format. Of the ten contributors of verse, seven are from Sydney. We hope that their poems are understood by their fellow citizens.

Correction: Readers interested in purchasing at 25 cents a copy *Three Views of the Novel* (1957), mentioned on p. 30 of our Spring issue, should order from the Superintendent of Documents, Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C., U.S.A.

CANADA FOR MAN (1958) is a booklet of poems by V. B. RHODENIZER, Wolfville, Nova Scotia — 35c a copy postpaid.

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